THE BOY WHO DISCOVERED EASTER

Elizabeth McFadden

LIBRARY
OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY
SAN ANSELMO
CALIFORNIA

XY16
M16

The Boy Who Discovered Easter: A Play in Three Scenes: by Elizabeth McFadden: Adapted from the story entitled "The Boy Who Discovered the Spring" by Raymond MacDonald Alden

Samuel French: Publisher
25 West Forty-fifth Street: New York

LONDON

Samuel French, Ltd.
26 Southampton Street, Strand

PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

San Francisco
Theological Seminary
Alcove O
Case 3
Shelf H

WHY THE CHIMES RANG. A play in one act by Elizabeth McFadden. Adapted from the story of the same name by R. M. Alden. Especially recommended as a Christmas play because: It teaches the story of the Christ child, rather than the Byzantine legend of Santa Claus. It may be adapted to the ritual of *any* Christian denomination by slight changes of costume and setting. It offers a rare opportunity for exquisite church music. It may be given in the barest room, against a background of Christmas greens, or it may be presented with the most lavish equipment of a professional theatre, yet both productions will thrill the imagination and touch the heart. It teaches the beauty of a charity that gives heart and service as well as gold. Price, 35 cents.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY, dramatized by Virginia A. Griswold. This is the Bible story of the birth of the Christ, using the Bible language as far as possible. It lends itself to four scenes: The hill country of Judea, the throne-room of Herod, the market-place in Bethlehem and the stable with the manger. It can be produced in the simplest manner on a platform, or with all the Oriental setting and accessories which the imagination and means can provide. Plays about an hour, and any number of people, adults and children, can be used. Makes an admirable Christmas entertainment and is well adapted for the use of churches and schools. Price, 35 cents.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. A Christmas play in three short acts by William Patterson Taylor. The NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS is a little play in three acts which may be produced well within an hour. The first act presents the wondrous and hurried night before Christmas preparation activities in Santa's workshop at the North Pole. The second act is a night before Christmas home bed-chamber incident, involving the desperate situation resulting from a childish difference between two brothers, which difference—"made up" true—introduces, also, the woeful possibilities of Santa's calamitous displeasure. (In this and the last act the children's classic, "The Night Before Christmas," is dramatized.) In the third act "All's well that ends well." A quartette supplies the music. This little play has *grown* during years of local use by the author and others. Its unbroken success in stirring and impressing the children (and the "grown-ups," too—whom, also, the author aimed to reach) was urged as a reason for its publication. Strongly recommended as an entertainment for the holiday season. Price, 30 cents.

A DREAM ON CHRISTMAS EVE. A very pleasing entertainment for little folks, by Ina Home. Time about thirty minutes, but it can be lengthened to any duration by the further introduction of each child's specialty. The costumes are according to the character represented and are easily made. The story is the dream of a little girl on Christmas eve, in which she views the good things which she is to receive on the morrow. Santa Claus enters and while filling the stocking tells a story of the little people to whom he gives his presents. Then the Christmas pudding enters and tells how she was made. Then the pumpkin pie, the holly, mistletoe, ice cream, crackers, candy, etc., enter and tell their stories. The play is easy to give and can be held in the class room, Sunday-school or a home. Price, 30 cents.

THE TOY SHOP. A new and original entertainment for children by F. S. Isham and Edward Weitzel, with some new and up-to-date music. No special number required. Particularly adapted to school or Sunday-school entertainments. One of the best entertainments for children published. Price 30 cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, Publisher, 25 West Forty-fifth St.

The Boy Who Discovered Easter

A PLAY IN THREE SCENES

BY

ELIZABETH McFADDEN

Author of "Why the Chimes Rang," "The Product of the Mill," etc.

Adapted from the story entitled "The Boy Who Discovered the Spring" by Raymond MacDonald Alden

COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY ELIZABETH McFADDEN
COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ELIZABETH McFADDEN

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
25 WEST 45TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

LIBRARY
OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY
SAN ANSELMO
CALIFORNIA

San Francisco Theological Seminary Branch
Kensington Road, San Anselmo, CA 94960

PS
2525
A227
B69
1926

26-26229

THE BOY WHO DISCOVERED EASTER

This play is fully protected by copyright.
Permission to act, read publicly or make any use of it must be obtained of Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York. It may be presented by amateurs upon payment of the following royalties:

1. Where no admission is charged, five dollars for each performance, payable three days before the date when the play is given.
2. Where admission is charged, ten dollars for each performance, payable three days before the date when the play is given.

Professional rates quoted on application.

3. Whenever this play is to be produced the following note must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play:

This play is a dramatization of the story by Raymond MacDonald Alden entitled "THE BOY WHO DISCOVERED THE SPRING," published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

This version of Raymond MacDonald Alden's story is published with permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, Indiana, the publishers of Professor Alden's story and the holders of the copyright.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

THE EPISCOPAL ACTORS' GUILD
OF AMERICA

Headquarters
"The Little Church Around the Corner,"
1 East 29th Street, New York City
in
THE LITTLE THEATRE OF THE LITTLE CHURCH

Tuesday, January 5th, 1926, at 3 P.M.

Harp Solo ..... *Helen Sheldon*

THE BOY WHO DISCOVERED EASTER

A Play in Three Scenes
By ELIZABETH McFADDEN
based on Raymond MacDonald Alden's story
"The Boy Who Discovered the Spring"

CAST

DR. JOHN DEXTER ..... *Robert Conness*
MAGGIE ..... *Jane Burby*
MARY DEXTER ..... *Ethel Strickland*
SKELLY DIGGS ..... *Leland Chandler*

Announcer ..... Gordon Joel
Organist ..... Franklin Coates
The Voice ..... Wheeler Dryden

Produced under the direction of Agnes Scott Yost
Scene I—Dr. Dexter's Study. A morning in mid-summer.
Scene II—The Same. Winter.
Scene III—The same. Sunrise on Easter morning.
Time—The Present.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/boywhodiscovered0000eliz

PREFACE

"The Boy Who Discovered Easter" is intended as a companion piece to "Why the Chimes Rang," which in the last ten years has been given over a thousand times in Little Theatres, schools and Sunday schools.

This new Easter play has certain advantages over the earlier piece in that the cast is smaller and the costuming far easier. It shares with the Christmas play in the benefits of being derived from one of Professor Alden's charming stories; in offering an opportunity for any beautiful church music the producer may wish to use; and in the chance it gives for effective stage pictures. Elaborate production is not essential to the play. It has already been successfully given in one end of a large room without any professional stage equipment. For notes on a simplified staging see the Appendix following the text given herewith.

No play is written until it has been produced. The author is therefore deeply indebted to the Episcopal Actors' Guild of America for the finished production given to "The Boy Who Discovered Easter." Especial acknowledgement is due to Mr. Rexford Kendrick, executive secretary of the Guild, for the unfailing support of his interest; to Mrs. Herbert Yost for her fine direction of the performance; to the group of well-known professional stage-folk who gave so generously of their time and beautiful art in the creation of the parts; and to Miss E. May Munsell of Chicago, Miss Alice Parsons, Mr. Robert Conness and Mr. Barrett Clark of New York for constructive criticism which has greatly helped in preparing the script for the press.

ELIZABETH McFADDEN.

SETTING

Dr. Dexter's study is a pleasant room, furnished with plain good taste and enriched by being lived in. The right wall has a window looking out on the small-town street where the doctor lives. Further back in the same wall is a door leading to the reception room and front door.

The left wall has a wide low fireplace blackened by long service. Further up stage in this wall is a door leading to the back of the house. There is a comfortable easy chair before the fireplace, and beside it, nearer the wall, a small table holding a reading lamp. Beside the big chair is an invalid's wheel-chair, too small for anyone but a child, adding its mute testimony of human experience.

The rear wall contains two wide glass doors which open upon a garden. And flanking these doors are low bookcases filled with books. The doors to the garden are covered by heavy dark curtains which are tightly drawn at the beginning of the play. Right center is a large writing-table, with the usual equipment and a desk chair to its left. The room is adequately lit by the window down right, but there is no sunlight, except when the curtains covering the doors to the garden are pulled back.

The Boy Who Discovered Easter

SCENE I

DR. JOHN DEXTER *sits at the writing-table facing the window down right. He is a man of early middle life, good-looking in a manly way. His face shows character, kindliness and the dumb endurance of a devastating sorrow. He is reading and making notes from two or three professional-looking volumes before him. His manner carries no interest nor sense of despatch in his work. Rather the dogged drive of a man who labors to keep his mind off worse things.*

After a moment or two his attention flags and he drops his face in his hands despairingly. From off in the house there comes the peal of the doorbell. It rouses DEXTER, *who straightens up, frowning resentfully at the interruption.*

MAGGIE *enters from the doorway leading to the back of the house. She is a fresh hearty Irish woman of about forty, the doctor's housekeeper and factotum.*

MAGGIE. Are ye at home, Doctor?

DEXTER. I won't see callers, Maggie. If it's patients, send 'em to Dorrence.

(MAGGIE *nods and goes out toward the front of the house as the bell peals again more insistently.* DEXTER *turns back to his desk, glances at the window through which he can be seen from the street, then with quick decision he scoops up his book and some papers and goes out to the back of the house.)*

DEXTER. *(As he goes out he mutters)* I wish people would leave me alone for a few minutes.

(The room is empty for a moment, during which a woman's voice, clear and sweet, can be heard off stage at the front of the house.)

MARY. Is the doctor in?

MAGGIE. *(Off stage)* Sure he is. To you.

MARY. *(Off stage, but approaching)* I hope he's well?

MAGGIE. *(Just outside the door)* He's well enough.

(MAGGIE *re-enters, ushering in the doctor's sister,* MARY DEXTER. MARY *is a fine, wholesome, sweet-looking young woman. She wears the Red Cross uniform of a nurse in civil life.)*

MARY. I started in through the garden. *(She indicates the wide doorway up center.)* The doors are shut!

(MAGGIE *has been taking in the room and sees that the doctor is out. She draws closer to* MARY *and speaks in a low confidential tone.)*

MAGGIE. The garden doors have never been opened since Phil died. I'm glad you've come, Miss Mary. Your brother needs you.

MARY. *(Shaking her head sympathetically)* He's had so much sorrow. First—his wife, and now the child. We must be patient with him, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Sure, I am! But he shuts himself off from help. He won't see anyone.

MARY. He sees his patients?

MAGGIE. Not he. They're sent to Dr. Dorrence.

MARY. What does he do?

MAGGIE. *(Indicating the desk)* Sits there! And reads and writes—and broods.

MARY. I'm glad I came.

MAGGIE. It's no way to live. Not on speaking terms with God nor man.

MARY. He doesn't go to church?

MAGGIE. He does not. He hasn't the kind of faith that weathers trouble. *(She listens suddenly for a sound beyond the door off right.)* Here he comes. He's heard you.

(DEXTER *enters up right. His face kindles with affectionate pleasure at sight of* MARY.)

DEXTER. I thought I heard your voice.

MARY. *(With cheerfulness)* Yes, here I am, John.

(They greet each other with real affection. MAGGIE *goes out to the back of the house.)*

DEXTER. I *am* glad to see you.

MARY. You didn't act like it. I had to ring twice.

DEXTER. I thought it was just some of the people out here—*(His voice grows bitter)*—calling to pity me. I won't be pitied.

MARY. *(Gently)* Don't let your loss make you bitter, John. *(He turns from her as though he didn't want to talk about himself. She goes to him,*

lays her hands on his shoulders and makes him face her as she says with conviction) Remember Phil and Alice are happy together and waiting for you.

DEXTER. Vague promises and hopes. There is no proof of it.

(He draws away from her, sits heavily, and drops his face in his hands, in an attitude of despair.)

MARY. *(Passionately)* Oh, John! Look up! And see the *proof!*

DEXTER. *(Hopelessly)* Where?

MARY. Everywhere! All nature is the proof of resurrection! The very flowers in your garden have lived—and died—and lived again through all the ages.

DEXTER. That, yes. Goes on in a way. But a personal immortality. A personal God who sees and cares? *(He shakes his head in disbelief.)*

MARY. "The proof of the watchmaker is—the watch!"

DEXTER. *(Wearily, as though he had tried in vain to think it out)* Oh, we talk, we talk, but I must *see* it, Mary. I can't believe what I don't *see!*

MARY. *(Appealingly, her hand on his shoulder)* John, John!

DEXTER. *(Putting it from him)* Let's talk about you. What brings you down here from the city?

MARY. To see *you.*

DEXTER. More pity.

MARY. *(With a cheery smile)* Yes, but not for you. For Skelly Diggs.

DEXTER. Who's he?

MARY. A little lame lad about the age of Phil. I've been "specialing" him in the hospital.

DEXTER. And?

MARY. I want your help for him.

DEXTER. How?

MARY. Let me tell you about him. Skelly is twelve years old and all his life he has lain a helpless cripple in the city slums. He has no mother. He knows the heat and cold of the city street, but he has never seen the country. *(With a sudden passion of pity in her voice, making it vibrant with music)* Think of it, John, that little boy has never seen a tree growing! But from his basement window he has lain and watched—*his* world. He's old with the cheap wisdom of the streets!

DEXTER. Poor little chap.

MARY. Two months ago his father died. Skelly fell into the hands of the Children's Society. They brought him to the hospital. Carrington performed a wonderful operation. Very successful. Already the boy walks. When he gets his strength he will be just as well as other boys.

DEXTER. Good! And?

MARY. Today he was discharged from the hospital. I've brought him down to you.

DEXTER. *(Dismayed)* To me? Mary!

MARY. The ambulance stopped at the garage for oil. They'll be here any minute. John, I came to ask you to take this boy for Phil's sake.

DEXTER. You expect me to put a strange lad in Phil's place?

MARY. Not in your heart, but I thought he could have Phil's little room out there. *(Gestures toward the back of the house.)*

DEXTER. *(Wincing)* It's just as he left it. I couldn't put anyone else in there, to use Phil's things.

MARY. Some other room if you will. Put him upstairs. He needs care, intelligent loving care.

(DEXTER *stands brooding for a moment, then he has an idea.)*

DEXTER. There's Mrs. Ards down on the Pine Road. She takes just such cases. She'll give him wonderful care.

MARY. I know—she's fine. But a little austere. There's a heart and a soul to Skelly Diggs as well as a little body.

DEXTER. Of course. But let her get him well.

MARY. He is so ignorant. You can't imagine.

DEXTER. We'll put him in a good school. I'll pay for that, Mary.

MARY. He needs someone to teach him God's miracles. You were so wonderful with Phil.

DEXTER. *(Shaking his head despairingly)* The man I was died with the child. Since Phil died the very color has gone out of the sky for me. People laugh out there in the street and sing in the church back there—*(He gestures toward the garden)*—and I sit here and marvel that they can laugh and sing when the world is gray with pain.

MARY. Skelly has been gray with pain, too.

DEXTER. The more he needs someone brighter than I am. As soon as Mrs. Ards has him on his feet, give him other children to play with and a good school. We'll help him, but I can't put him in Phil's p'ace. I can't care for him here.

MARY. All right, John. *(She turns toward the door, then turns back.)* It's rather a rough way out to the Pine Road, and she may not be able to take him. Would you mind if I left him here till I have seen her and made arrangements?

DEXTER. Of course you can do that. I don't want to be selfish, Mary.

MARY. I understand, it's all right. *(She looks out of the window right.)* There's the ambulance now. *(She starts out, then stops and looks at the wheel-chair.)* Would you—might I— Skelly walks so little.

DEXTER. *(He has followed her look and taken in*

her want. He hesitates just a shade, then says quietly) The chair? Yes, of course. The child must not be strained now. (MARY *starts to wheel the chair out up right. He goes to her.)* Wait, I'll help you with him.

MARY. I want him to find you here. *(She starts out with the wheel-chair and turns again to ask)* Couldn't we have the garden doors open? I'd like to bring him in that way.

DEXTER. I can't stand it, Mary. You know what the garden meant to Phil.

MARY. Yes, I know. *(She speaks softly)* I wonder what it would mean to Skelly. I took him some flowers, some pansies, one day in the hospital. He thought *I* had made them! *(She goes out to the front of the house with the wheel-chair.)*

(DEXTER *walks restlessly up and down the room, muttering to himself.)*

DEXTER. I can't do it. I can't.

(A moment later MARY *returns, pushing the wheel-chair. In it sits* SKELLY DIGGS. *He may be twelve, but he looks younger. A veritable Brownie of a boy with appealing dark eyes and a face in which roguish humor and pain have long contended for mastery. He is dressed in a neat little suit of old clothes and has a light overcoat flung across his knees.* MARY *wheels the child carefully down to the center of the room.* DEXTER *has seated himself again at his desk and begun to busy himself with his papers. He has made up his mind not to be interested in this boy.* SKELLY'S *manner has been modeled on the leader of a tough gang. He bristles unconsciously at* DEXTER'S *indifference.)*

MARY. Skelly, this is my big brother. John, this is Skelly Diggs.

DEXTER. *(Without looking at the boy)* How do you do, Skelly?

SKELLY. *(Hard as nails)* Fine. How's yourself, Old-timer?

DEXTER. Very well, thank you.

(Apparently that is all the conversation either has to offer. Their mouths are shut, as though neither intended ever to open his again. MARY *looks helplessly from one to the other.)*

MARY. My brother is going to take care of you for a few minutes, Skelly, while I look up a place for you to stay. (SKELLY *accepts this without comment, but his eyes question the man swiftly, then survey the room. Evidently the inspection is satisfactory, for he looks up at* MARY *with a nod. She turns to* JOHN.) He's had a long ride.

DEXTER. Perhaps he had better lie down for a while.

SKELLY. *(Shaking his head with decision)* Heck! Bin er yin' down in the amb'lance all day.

MARY. *(Pats his shoulder and turns to depart)* Back in a jiffy, dear. (SKELLY *nods again.)*

DEXTER. How long since he had something to eat?

(A gleam comes into the boy's face. He begins to take an interest in DEXTER.)

MARY. Nothing since breakfast. That's a good idea.

DEXTER. Maggie's out in the yard. Call to her as you pass and tell her to bring him some bread and butter and milk, and some fruit.

MARY. Thanks, I will. *(She goes out up right.)*

(SKELLY *turns and looks after her uneasily. He shivers and pulls the coat up around him. Still* DEXTER *does not turn nor look at the child. He pretends to be busy at his desk, but really is doing nothing.* SKELLY *evidently has something on his mind, for he begins to eye* DEXTER *uneasily. Finally he speaks.)*

SKELLY. Yer a doc, ain't ye?

DEXTER. Yes, how did you know?

SKELLY. 'Cause. Yer so awful clean. I kin tell. *(He wags his head knowingly.)* Her ye call "Maggie's" yer nurse, ain't she?

DEXTER. No. She's my cook and housekeeper.

(SKELLY *turns this over in his mind for a moment with growing uneasiness, then he blurts out.)*

SKELLY. Say, Doc, I don't want nothin' ter eat.

DEXTER. *(Gruffly)* Oh, yes, you *must* have something to eat.

SKELLY. *(Resolutely)* Naw.

(Intrigued by his curiosity at last DEXTER *turns and looks at the boy. He has, however, no notion of being won to any friendliness for this tough youngster. His manner is professional.)*

DEXTER. Why not? What's the matter?

(SKELLY *gives* DEXTER *a long appraising look, in which he studies the man's face and decides he's to be trusted.)*

SKELLY. She—she'll want ter wash me, ef she comes in.

DEXTER. Who?

SKELLY. Her. Thet woman. They all do it. Ye kaint keep 'em off.

DEXTER. You don't like to be washed?

SKELLY. *(Shivering together with a wistful face)* It's th' worst thing they does ter ye. You tell her, Doc, thet I ain't hungry. Don't let her come in. Ye know how wimmin is. They give ye one look—an' they want ter wash ye! *(Underneath* SKELLY'S *toughest manner there lurks an element of pathos and he drops the armor of his hardness here, for it is a moment "when a feller needs a friend." In spite of himself,* DEXTER *is won to gruff protection.)*

DEXTER. She shall not. I won't let her.

SKELLY. *(With a deep knowledge of women)* Ye kain't help it, Doc, they ain't nothin' kin stop 'em. She'll do it.

DEXTER. No, no, she'll never think of it. Here she comes now.

(SKELLY *fairly cowers in his chair.* MAGGIE *enters from up right, bearing a tray, on which is a glass of milk, some bread and butter and a rosy apple.* DEXTER *quickly clears a little table, which is evidently an old companion piece to the wheel-chair. He brings it down beside* SKELLY *and* MAGGIE *sets the tray before* SKELLY. *Then she turns a determined eye on the boy.)*

MAGGIE. I'll wash him up a bit.

(SKELLY *gives* DEXTER *a look of terror and conveys "I told you so!" by a lift of the eyebrow.)*

DEXTER. *(Halting* MAGGIE *with a gesture)* Wash him? No, no, don't trouble.

MAGGIE. *(Ignoring the opposition)* It's no trouble. *(She starts to wheel the boy out.* SKELLY *gives* DEXTER *an imploring look.)*

Reproduced by courtesy of the Graphic Department of The New York Evening Post.

See Page 17

DEXTER: Absolutely. I wouldn't have him washed for worlds.

DEXTER. But he doesn't need it, Maggie. *(He refers it to* SKELLY.*)* You don't need it, do you?

SKELLY. Sure not. Th' doc sez it'll give me spasms.

MAGGIE. *(With a deep contempt)* Nonsense. A good washing never hurt anybody yet. *(She conveys the idea that the opposition is only confirming her in her original intention. If they say much more she'll make a full bath.)*

(DEXTER *and* SKELLY *are conferring together by significant glances. The doctor puts on a look of great professional gravity.)*

DEXTER. I don't agree with you, Maggie. I've had cases where the application of water brought on very serious complications.

(MAGGIE *looks at him in amazement. After all he's the doctor.)*

MAGGIE. You mean it, sir?

DEXTER. *(Whimsically)* Absolutely. I wouldn't have him washed for worlds.

(She looks at the doctor to see if he is serious. Apparently he is. SKELLY *assumes the exalted station in her mind which any woman accords to an interestingly serious case. She gives him a look in order to fix his clinical appearance in her mind. He returns the compliment with a wicked grin. She looks from him to the doctor, but* DEXTER *is highly serious. She turns to go, and as she passes* DEXTER *she shakes her head.)*

MAGGIE. *(In a commiserating tone)* Well, I thought meself he looked bad. It's a sad case, sir.

(She pauses at the door to say inquiringly) I could be rubbing off his hands with a little damp cloth? (DEXTER *shakes his head determinedly.* SKELLY *shivers at the thought.)* No? Well! You're the doctor! *(She goes back to her kitchen.)*

(SKELLY *watches her off with surprised satisfaction.* DEXTER *has won him. Ther are pals and fellow conspirators, though* DEXTER *still fights at intervals to regain his morose indifference.)*

SKELLY. *(With a broad grin)* I takes off my hat ter you, Doc.

DEXTER. Thank you.

SKELLY. Us men got ter stick up fer each other, ain't we?

DEXTER. Of course. *(He has been placing the things on the tray so that they are convenient for the child to reach. Now he gestures toward them.)* Fall to. (SKELLY, *with a little sigh of satisfaction, picks up the milk and takes a long drink. He sets it down and looks at it enquiringly.)* Good?

SKELLY. *(Politely)* I don't mind it.

DEXTER. Mind it? Is it sour?

SKELLY. Naw. Jes' kinder thick an' yallerlike. Tough sorter.

DEXTER. Oh, that's the cream. It's fresh this morning.

SKELLY. I kin drink hit jes' zif et wuz all right.

(JOHN DEXTER *sits in the big chair and watches the boy as he eats and drinks eagerly. A softened yearning look comes gradually into the man's eyes. Involuntarily he begins to smile a little.* SKELLY *smiles back. There is a little chummy feeling growing up between these two. The*

food puts SKELLY *in an expansive mood. He grows confidential.)*

SKELLY. Miss Mary wuz a tryin' ter kid me erbout thisyere stuff. *(He taps the milk glass.)*

DEXTER. Yes? How so?

SKELLY. She wuz tryin' ter make me believe thet an anfmul give us thisyer milk.

DEXTER. You think not, eh?

SKELLY. *(Scornfully)* Applesass!

DEXTER. Where do you suppose it does come from?

SKELLY. *(With a knowing and blase air)* I know! I met up with th' man wot made it.

DEXTER. Really? Where was that?

SKELLY. In th' basement, ter hum on Pear Street. He uster come every morning an' hand it round 'fore folks wuz up. Say, he wuz a white feller. When I wuz hungry he'd slip me a bottle.

DEXTER. Good for him!

SKELLY. Yep. An' he told me where he got it 'n' everything.

DEXTER. Where did he get it?

SKELLY. *(Assuming the heavy and pompous air of his milkman friend)* "Mostly outer th' pump," he sez, "mostly outer th' pump." (SKELLY *has finished the bread and milk and leans back.)*

DEXTER. I see. Aren't you going to eat the apple?

SKELLY. *(Picking it up and handling it admiringly)* I'd like ter keep it to look at.

DEXTER. I can show you something prettier than that to look at. How would you like a pear?

SKELLY. *(With tolerant worldliness)* I'd try anythin' onct! *(He shivers.* DEXTER *notices the movement and leans over to feel the boy's hand professionally.)*

DEXTER. Cold, lad?

SKELLY. Sure. Ain't ye allus cold, a little? *(He shrugs himself together under the coat that lies across his knees.* DEXTER *sits thinking, staring at him for a moment. Then he gets up abruptly.)*

DEXTER. I'll be back in a second. *(He goes out to the back of the house, presumably to the room that used to be his son's.)*

(SKELLY *takes advantage of the interval to look cautiously all around the room. Evidently he approves of it highly, especially of the little wheel-chair in which he sits. He wags his head at it, wheels himself back and forth, whispering "Choo-choo-choo. Choo-choo-choo!" Pretending it is an engine. Then he pats its arms and murmurs admiringly.)*

SKELLY. Some class!

(DEXTER *returns with a bright soft little dressing gown and a travelling rug. The way he handles them conveys the fact that they were his son's things.)*

DEXTER. *(Brusquely)* Here, lad, put this on. *(He draws back the rough coat, helps the boy to stand and skillfully gets him into the gown. It fits as though it had been made for him.* DEXTER *opens the rug and wraps it round the boy's knees.)*

SKELLY. Say! Gee! *(He nestles ecstatically into the warmth and luxury of the things.) Hot dog!*

DEXTER. Like 'em?

SKELLY. Umhum! Bet yer boots, I do!

DEXTER. Now for the pear I promised you. *(He hesitates just a second, then turns to the doors at the rear of the stage. He draws back the door-cur-*

tains, opens wide the doors, and goes out into the garden.)

(SKELLY, *preoccupied with his new garments, and facing the other way, has not noticed what the doctor was doing, but gradually the scent of flowers comes to him. He sniffs the air inquiringly, then turns in the chair and looks around. It is his first view of a garden. All the lovely green and color and sunlight of the yard invades the room with its intoxicating light and fragrance, making it a different place. Climbing roses hang round the doorway, and beyond them is an exquisite vista of trees and flowers. Tall stalks of hollyhocks and larkspur nod in the breeze and from nearby comes the silvery voice of a little brook bubbling over its stones.* SKELLY, *amazed, entranced, sits tense, staring out at the garden, his whole attitude expressing his excitement. Then he straightens front again, looking sharply to right and left, blinking and rubbing his eyes, as though he thought his eyesight had been playing him tricks. After a moment he turns his head again and sits silent, staring. A moment later* DEXTER *re-enters, bringing him a beautiful pear, which he lays beside the boy's apple.* SKELLY *gives him a slow appraising stare, as one might look at a worker of marvels so great as to seem unreal. Then with a hesitant hand he reaches out and touches the pear, as though he thought it might vanish at the touch.)*

DEXTER. *(Gently and with growing compassion and interest)* Smell it, lad. (SKELLY *obediently smells it. A smile comes out in answer to the doctor's smile.)* Now, eat it.

SKELLY. *(Shaking his head)* Naw! Spoil it!

Not yit! *(He turns again and looks out into the garden.)* Say, is thet reel, out there? Er am I kinder light-headed like when they give me ether?

DEXTER. No, that's real. The pear grew there. That's my garden.

SKELLY. *(Pondering, with his wise little air)* Oh! It's a garden! I'm on! There wuz a feller in the ward with me what uster work in one uv them places. He called it Madson Queer Garden and he told me er lot erbout th' queer things they hed there. He sed they wuzn't reel, jes' painted up bright on wood and fixed with light ter make a show. But th' animuls wuz reel. Is yours got animuls?

DEXTER. Mine has birds, and bees, and butterflies, yes, and there are crayfish in the brook.

SKELLY. An' do ye hev fights out there, too?

DEXTER. Fights?

SKELLY. Yep. Two fellers puttin' on th' mitts an' standin' up ter each other. Don't ye hev no fights? They do at the Madson Queer Garden.

DEXTER. We haven't had any as yet.

SKELLY. *(Commiseratingly)* Ye kain't hev everything ter onct. Mebby fellers will come and want ter fight when they see how swell ye made it. *(The doctor's nod indicates that he has some hope of this.* SKELLY *returns to a consideration of the pear.)* Hot dog!

DEXTER. I'll show you some other things from there. *(He goes back into the garden.)*

(SKELLY *sits staring after him, then studies the pear. After a moment he sinks his teeth in it.)*

SKELLY. Gee whiz! *(He eats it ravenously.)*

(DEXTER *returns with a rose, a spray of larkspur and some leafy switches from the trees. As*

they talk, he hands them one by one to the boy.)

DEXTER. Do you think that was made of wood and painted? *(He hands him a rose.)*

SKELLY. *(Smelling it and fingering it with baffled intentness)* How come it, anyway?

DEXTER. It grew up out of the earth, out there.

SKELLY. *(Trying to understand)* But—but that ain't no way likely. *(He sits, thinking hard, then he speaks haltingly)* Ye know, Doc, ef ye found a dime in th' street, ye'd know it hadn't jes' walked there by itself. Ner growed up outer th' pavement. Sumbudy *made it!* An' then sumbudy *put it there.* Now this yer, sumbudy muster *done* it!

DEXTER. *(Sitting down beside the boy and giving himself up to the consideration of the problem. His eyes are as wistful as the boy's)* Well, what do you think it means? What did the—person—who—made—it, do it for anyway?

SKELLY. *(His face shows his growing pleasure in the beauty of the flower, as he thinks out the answer, haltingly)* I dunno. But ef I made a thing like thet fer another feller—I think I'd mean it ter make him happy!

DEXTER. *(To himself, half turned away from the boy, looking at one of the roses he is holding in his hand)* "To make us happy"——?

(SKELLY *doesn't hear him. He has been investigating one of the leafy branches* DEXTER *has laid on his table and now he spies something on it.)*

SKELLY. Oh, say! Gee! Look, look! What's that?

DEXTER. *(Turning back to him and bending over the branch)* That? That's a caterpillar. A fine big one. See how beautifully he's marked.

SKELLY. Huh! All dressed up, ain't he? Looks like a cop's uniform with them brass buttings! Is he yourn?

DEXTER. Why, I suppose he is. One of the animals in my garden. Would you like to have him?

SKELLY. *(With shining eyes)* I'd be proud ter.

DEXTER. *(With a mock magnificent gesture)* Pray accept him, as a slight token of my regard.

SKELLY. Much obliged! Hot dog! *(He betrays his delight by a sudden radiant smile.)* He's a-lookin' at me! He kin walk! An' eat! 'N' everything! He walks like a gumshoe bull. (SKELLY *gestures a heavy-footed pompous gait.)*

(DEXTER *has gone to the table, picked up a little cardboard box, takes out his knife and cuts a slit in the cover. He talks as he works away.)*

DEXTER. He must have a house to live in. And a window to breathe through. *(He brings the box to* SKELLY.*)* Here. And you must put fresh leaves in every day for him to crawl on and eat.

SKELLY. *(Breathless with excitement)* Oh, I will. Goin' ter put him in now?

DEXTER. Right now. *(He holds the box under the branch, gently detaches the caterpillar and lets it fall into the box.)*

SKELLY. Don't hurt him! Oh, he fell!

DEXTER. He's not hurt. *(He gives the caterpillar some leaves from the twig.)*

SKELLY. I'm goin' ter call him after our cop on Pear Street. He wuz awful good ter me, wuz James F. Delehanty.

DEXTER. What did he do?

SKELLY. Oh, he uster hang 'round an' chin with me, man ter man, an' sometimes when he wuz rushin' a crook ter th' cooler, he'd bring him ter my win-

der an' wait fer th' patrol there—so's I could see th' 'citement. It wuz gran'!

(DEXTER *studies the boy's face, his own filled with sympathy for the child. With a smile he hands the caterpillar in the box to the boy.)*

DEXTER. Here's your new pet.

SKELLY. *(Taking the box)* Patrolman James F. Delehanty! *(He makes a little salute to the worm.)* Mornin', Officer! *(He smiles radiantly up at* DEXTER, *as though he had given him a marvelous thing.)* *Mine?*

DEXTER. All yours. *(He drops his hand on the boy's shoulder in a fatherly caress. His face is warmly genial with the pleasure of the moment.)*

(As they stand so, MARY *comes in through the garden. She takes in their happy absorption and smiles.)*

MARY. *(As she comes down to them)* I'm back, John.

DEXTER. *(With some constraint, realizing how far he has travelled since she left them)* Oh, so you are. We—we've been bagging some big game.

SKELLY. See, Miss Mary, th' great big live thing! He give it to me! *(His look and nod at* DEXTER *show the admiration the man has won.)*

MARY. *(As she bends over and looks in the box)* Oh, he's superb, isn't he? *(Her hand touches the boy's shoulder and she takes in the dressing-gown and its significance.)* Thank you so much, John. We'll be all right, now. I've got it fixed. *(She picks up the boy's coat and holds it as though she were going to take him right away.)* Mrs. Ards will be glad to take him.

DEXTER. *(Almost roughly)* Mrs. Ards? You

mean, you'd take him out two miles on a rough road to that austere old woman? (MARY *looks at him, amazed.)* This child needs, well, he needs a physician's care—and a garden, and caterpillars—and me. *(He goes grumbling across the room and lays his hand on the boy's shoulder, as though he defied her to take him from him.)*

MARY. *(Turning to* SKELLY *with shining eyes)* Skelly, would you like to stay here with Doctor John for a while?

SKELLY. *(With an ecstatic expression of content)* Say! Would I? *Hot dog! (He looks from the man to the nurse and back again. His toughness has vanished for a moment in eagerness.* DEXTER'S *hand grips his shoulder.)*

CURTAIN

SCENE II

The same room six months later.

The furnishings are the same, except that the wheel-chair has been replaced by a comfortable little arm-chair, and the writing-table has been cleared to hold a radio set. A cheerful fire blazes on the hearth. The glass doors at the back are covered by the chintz curtains tightly drawn.

The hour is about four o'clock on an afternoon of fitful sunshine.

DEXTER *is bending over the radio, adding final touches to its installation. The man has changed in the interval. His face is alive with alert purpose.*

SKELLY *is sitting in the big chair by the fire, peering into the black box holding his caterpillar which is on the chair beside him. Physically, he is much improved in appearance, but his expression is absorbed and distressed.*

SKELLY. *(Whistling softly to his pet)* Whr-r-rt! Whr-r-r-r-r-t! James! *(Very pleadingly)* James! *(Evidently James does not respond, for* SKELLY *turns big reproachful eyes on* DEXTER. DEXTER, *sensing the appeal, glances at him, notes his depression and speaks with deliberate cheerfulness.)*

DEXTER. Come on, Son, play with me awhile.

SKELLY. *(Not easily distracted)* You said he'd wake up. He don't!

DEXTER. Not yet.

SKELLY. Couldn't ye give him a little treatment, Doc, an' bring him to?

DEXTER. *(Amused)* I'm afraid that's beyond me, Son.

SKELLY. Jes' when he wuz beginning ter know me, an' I hed plans fer his trainin' an' all!

DEXTER. Come, here's the radio all set up and working at last. Don't you want to try it?

SKELLY. *(With slight interest)* What kin it do?

DEXTER. Miracles! And we may take our pick. *(He indicates the knobs.)* We turn a little knob, and we hear a man in Washington talk, or an orchestra in Chicago, or a church service in New York, here in our home.

SKELLY. *(Very hard-boiled)* Say, hev a heart!

DEXTER. You think it can't be done?

SKELLY. *(Shaking his head determinedly, his tone is final)* Banana oil! *(He turns listlessly away.)*

DEXTER. Indeed? *(He turns a knob.)*

VOICE FROM THE RADIO. "A special memorial service at St. Thomas's Church will be broadcasted at four-thirty this afternoon."

(DEXTER *is watching* SKELLY. *The boy starts and listens, but his attention is not on the radio. He has turned toward the door which leads to the front of the house, and is staring at it, evidently expecting someone to enter.* DEXTER *cuts off the voice.)*

SKELLY. *(Pointing to the door up right)* Who's that?

DEXTER. "That" was the radio.

SKELLY. Naw, I mean th' guy a-talkin'.

DEXTER. That voice came over the radio, Son. The man who spoke is far from here.

(SKELLY *does not think this worth replying to. He gives* DEXTER *an incredulous level look, rises and goes out into the hall right.* DEXTER *watches him, a moment later there comes the sound of a door opening and closing.* SKELLY *returns.)*

SKELLY. Th' door wuz shet. He might be in th' kitchen.

DEXTER. *(With good-humored patience points to the radio)* He was there.

SKELLY. *(To whom this is beginning to be amusing)* Banana oil.

DEXTER. Is it so hard to believe?

SKELLY. Say! I seen yer make it. Outer screws an' wires, an' little bits uv brass an' things. How kin it *talk?*

DEXTER. It doesn't, Son. But hundreds of miles away, another man has put together another instrument, with his wires and screws and bits of brass—and he speaks into it.

SKELLY. Well, what uv it?

DEXTER. Look here. Last summer we threw stones into the brook out there and watched the ripples waver to the bank. Remember? (SKELLY *nods.)* Well, just so the man's voice starts a vibration in the air which ripples out to my wires, and they catch the wave and turn it back to sound. Is that so impossible?

SKELLY. *(Frankly irritated)* But, Heck, I kain't see how it does it.

DEXTER. Son, neither can I. It is miraculous. We only know that men have found out that if they put their little screws together, so and—so, this wonderful thing happens. Think of it! For uncounted years the world has gone on spinning through space, wrapped in the air we breathe. Men have made a phrase and said: "It is as empty as the air." And

all the while the air instead of being empty was pulsing with the pain and glory of the world! No cry, no prayer, no song was uttered, but rang around the world and out to space! We have stood like deaf men in a tumult and heard nothing "while day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge." *(He has spoken rapidly, pouring out his words, then suddenly catches himself with the Bible phrase on his lips, as though it had brought him to an unexpected end.)*

(SKELLY, *fascinated by the talk, has drawn nearer and nearer, listening absorbedly, his eyes luminous with wonder. As* DEXTER *finishes,* SKELLY *stands thinking it over. He looks at the radio, gives* DEXTER *a long look, half-trust, half-disbelief, then scepticism triumphs.)*

SKELLY. Ye know, Doc, *I* don't mind yer talkin' funny, but I wouldn't tell nothin' like thet ter the cop out here ef I was you. (DEXTER *regards him with whimsical despair.* SKELLY *turns back to the box holding the caterpillar, and tries once again to attract its attention.)* Wh-r-r-r-rt! James! *(Finding James deaf to his pleading, the boy starts to curl up again in the big chair.* DEXTER *regards him with a keen professional eye.)*

DEXTER. You haven't been out today, Son.

SKELLY. *(Listlessly)* Naw. Whaffer?

DEXTER. Fresh air and exercise. Feel all right?

SKELLY. Sure.

DEXTER. Then go take a run in the garden. (DEXTER *goes up back, draws one of the chintz curtains aside and reveals the garden lying winter-bound and bleak, the naked branches of a tree tapping against the glass door.)*

(SKELLY, *watching him, draws back and shivers. The sight of the garden means more than mere physical cold to him. It chills his heart and frightens him.)*

SKELLY. *(With sudden bitterness)* Not there! Not no more!

DEXTER. *(Laying a kindly hand on the boy's shoulder)* Why, Son, don't feel that way about the garden. I've told you over and over again that the flowers and the trees will come back in the spring.

(SKELLY *is hard-boiled, and more or less inarticulate, especially when he feels deeply. Emotion makes him silent. He faces* DEXTER *now with the eloquent distress that a dog might convey, then he shakes his head, and after a moment of struggle he almost gulps the words out.)*

SKELLY. They're dead! How kin they?

DEXTER. *(Trying to find a thought where their minds can meet in common)* You know, I can't realize that you have never seen a tree come out in the spring! (SKELLY *shakes his head.)* But you *did* see the trees and flowers grow here last summer? *(The boy nods assent.)* Very well then, that's what they'll do next spring.

SKELLY. But they wuz alive then, now they're *dead!* I *seen* 'em die! Ye kain't tell me!

DEXTER. *(Earnestly)* If I could only make you believe me.

SKELLY. Ye know, Doc, I ain't no parlor pet. I seen a loter life. I *know* what I know. How kin I believe wot I don't *see?*

DEXTER. Last summer, when I took you up on the hill and showed you the heavens full of stars, you could hardly believe what you did see.

SKELLY. *(Humbly)* They didn't seem no way

real, Doc. (DEXTER *sits thinking, staring before him. He has forgotten* SKELLY'S *mental conflicts in his own.)* On Pear Street we hadn't only one star an' I always t'ought th' Ed'son Company put it there. It was turned on 'bout the same time as th' rest of th' street-lights. *(He sees that* DEXTER *has hardly heard him. He goes to the man and lays a hand on his knees.)* Do you believe things ye don't see? (DEXTER *hesitates, then he accepts the challenge.)*

DEXTER. Yes. Thousands of things that I only know because someone has told me they are true. Someone in whose truth and kindness I have learned to trust. (DEXTER *turns to* SKELLY *with great sincerity and earnestness.)* Son, have I ever told you an untruth?

SKELLY. *(Promptly)* Yep.

DEXTER. When?

SKELLY. Ye sed James F. Delehanty wasn't dead.

DEXTER. And I tell you he is not. He will live again more wonderfully than before. *(The boy turns his face away, tense, sceptical.* DEXTER *speaks with compassion)* Never mind, Son, I don't want to force you to think as I do. Some day will bring the spring. Then you will *see.* Go out now and take your exercise.

SKELLY. *(Wistfully looking at the fire)* Yer th' doc! *(He goes to the hallway off stage left, gets a warm jacket and cap and puts them on.)*

DEXTER. Yes, and the "doc" wants you to be a credit to him. Going to take you to the city next spring and show you to Carrington. It's up to you to get round and rosy and hard as nails and do me proud.

SKELLY. *(Responding gallantly)* Say, I'm a-goin' ter git th' pep uv a fire-engine fer *you.* I ain't a-goin' ter hev him thinkin' you ain't there wit' th' goods!

DEXTER. That's the talk!

(SKELLY *flings open the door, and the rush of cold air that comes startles them both.)*

SKELLY. Gee! Cold!

DEXTER. Real winter at last! Feels stormy! Out with you! Make it snappy!

SKELLY. *(As he disappears)* Sure thing!

(DEXTER *waves to him encouragingly, then he closes the door. His attention focuses again on the radio. He comes down to it and turns a knob.)*

VOICE. *(From the radio)* "Weather for the North Atlantic States. A disturbance of great intensity is central off the Jersey Coast and moving northward with unusual velocity. It is attended by a gale of hurricane speed and shipping interests are warned accordingly."

DEXTER. *(With a polite little nod of thanks to the radio)* Really! Thank you, kind friend. *(He shuts off the radio, goes to the window to study the sky.* SKELLY *flings open the garden door and comes in. His face is full of consternation.)*

SKELLY. Doc! Th' brook's—gone!

DEXTER. "Gone?"—Frozen?

SKELLY. It don't move! And all the things, the little dear things in it, th' crayfish wot pinched me, an' th' water spiders an' th' little fish. They're all dead, too. I kin see 'em lyin' there in th' water. *(A sob breaks his voice.)*

DEXTER. Well, well, Son, we must see about this. *(He goes out into the yard,* SKELLY *stands looking after him. A second later* DEXTER *returns.)* Sure enough, Son. Everything frozen stiff. And a storm on the way beside. *(The wind whistles round the*

house, in the first faint moan of the coming storm.) Hear that wind?

SKELLY. I kain't bear it like thet.

DEXTER. Never mind. We'll shut it all out and have it cosy in here. (DEXTER *draws the chintz curtains again close across the doors.* SKELLY *stands in the center of the room, a forlorn little figure, making a manly effort to master his nervousness.* DEXTER *gives him a comprehending sympathetic look, puts an arm across his shoulders and tries to draw him down to the radio.)* I wonder what the poor old radio does when the air is full of sleet and racing with a gale.

SKELLY. *(Dragging the question up from the depths of his preoccupation)* Who made th' air?

(DEXTER *pauses. The hard look comes into his face. If he leaves God out of his universe, how account for it to the boy?)*

DEXTER. *(After a perceptible pause)* The natural forces that made the universe, the world, and the sun and the stars, made the air.

SKELLY. Did they make me?

DEXTER. Yes, they made you.

SKELLY. Crooked? Like I uster be?

DEXTER. *(Ponders this for a second, then answers with sudden passion)* No! Straight! A man let you fall. God made you straight!

SKELLY. *Who?*

DEXTER. God. *(He catches himself, he has used the name of God involuntarily, he hastens to explain)* That is the name we give to the Great-First-Power that made all these things.

SKELLY. Oh, "God," Miss Mary's God. She knowed him well. (DEXTER *stares dumbly at the boy.* SKELLY, *thinking things out, goes on with his questions.)* Did God make my worm? (DEXTER

nods.) And the garden? *(Again* DEXTER *nods.)* And—and your little boy?

DEXTER. Yes.

SKELLY. Was it God took 'em all away again?

DEXTER. Yes. *(He is thinking at the moment more about his own loss than about* SKELLY.*)*

(SKELLY'S *mind is staggered. He leaves* DEXTER *and goes with a quiet stricken look to sit in his little arm-chair. He stares before him, thinking out for the first time the problem of life and death. Darkness is coming on them with the approaching storm. There is no light in the room but the twilight and the leaping flames of the hearth fire. The wind shrieks round the house. There comes a dash of driving rain on the glass.* DEXTER, *noting* SKELLY'S *absorption, tries to rouse him to more cheerful thoughts. He goes to the radio and turns a knob. No sound comes.)*

DEXTER. Washington seems to be through. Let's see what New York has to say. *(He turns the knob. Nothing happens.* DEXTER *looks up with a puzzled air. The storm beats against the glass doors. He watches* SKELLY *for a moment, concerned at the child's troubled look, then he assumes an air of rather forced gaiety)* Concert postponed owing to the inclement weather. (SKELLY *does not seem to hear him. There is a crash of thunder. The wind roars past the house and the rain increases to a steady downpour. The boy sensing the storm rather than noting it consciously cowers deeper in his chair.* DEXTER *goes to him, lays a reassuring hand on his shoulder and says affectionately)* Cheer up, Son. Not afraid of a storm, are you? (SKELLY *looks up at him with great trouble in his face.)*

SKELLY. Does God make the storm?

DEXTER. A storm is caused by conditions in the air, Son. *(He pats the boy's shoulder, seats himself near him and picks up a bright book, settling himself to read. He reaches out and takes* SKELLY'S *hand that lies extended on the arm of the chair.)* You aren't old enough to understand all these things yet. Let's finish our story.

SKELLY. *(Putting the story aside with a weary little gesture)* I gotter know something—*now!*

DEXTER. *(Gently)* All right, dear. What is it you want to know?

SKELLY. *(His eyes wide with lurking terror)* I gotter know—is He mad—at *me?*

DEXTER. Who? Mad?

SKELLY. *(His voice dropping to a frightened whisper)* God.

DEXTER. *(Trying to soothe the boy)* God is not mad, dear.

SKELLY. He must be mad when He takes things away. *(The wind swirls round the house with fury. The small voice goes on relentlessly, the panic deepening in his eyes as he thinks things out, step by step.)* And He made the air—so He must have made the storm in the air. He's awful mad—right now! (DEXTER, *distressed and helpless, lays the book aside and rises. All the man's heart goes into the effort to take that look of despair out of the child's face. The wind is wailing like a lost soul. The pounding of the rain is continuous.)* He took all my things an' made 'em die! All my little dear things, an' James! *(His voice takes on a higher note of strain and panic)* Doc, I kain't stand havin' God down on me like this! I'd rather die!

(DEXTER *drops on his knees beside the child and tries to draw him into his arms.)*

Reproduced by courtesy of the Graphic Department of The New York Evening Post.

See Page 37

DEXTER: "Son! Listen to me! God is not mad, certainly not at you!

DEXTER. Son! Listen to me! God is not mad, certainly not at you.

SKELLY. *(Drawing away from him) You don't know God!*

(DEXTER, *repulsed, rises, struck dumb by the truth of the boy's intuition.* SKELLY *crumples up in a heap in the chair. The tumult of the tempest rises to its height. There comes a terrific crash of thunder. The boy screams.)*

DEXTER. Son! It's all right. Just a tree struck! Just a bolt of lightning. *(He goes to the boy.)*

(SKELLY, *galvanized to sudden action by fright, springs to his feet, pushes* DEXTER *aside and stands tense in the middle of the room. His face upturned.)*

SKELLY. *(In a voice filled with terror) God! Don't! (He dashes to the garden doors, throws a curtain back and stands staring up at the heavens, crying) God!* Miss Mary's God! *(He leans against the door, listening tensely.)*

(DEXTER *paces the floor, agonized, helpless. There is a pause when nothing is heard in the room but the roar of the tempest without. Then faintly over the radio come the noble tones of a great church organ playing sacred music. At first only snatches of the melody come to the ear, over and through the storm, and at times blending with the swirling wind and the muffled drums of the rain in one great orchestral accompaniment.* DEXTER *notes it first, listens amazed and then places it as coming from the radio. He resumes his nervous pacing. Over and through the storm it steals into the room*

like a divine and healing presence. As SKELLY'S *sobs lessen the music strikes his ear. He looks up startled, for to him it is sheer miracle, the direct answer to his cry. By imperceptible degrees it quiets and soothes him. Now against the music which softens to a mere accompaniment, comes a* VOICE, *a man's voice, beautiful, majestic, tender, electrical in its power.)*

THE VOICE. "Fear thee not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." (SKELLY'S *face mirrors his emotion, his awe, his comfort, his deep new faith. There comes a pause, during which the music plays softly, then* THE VOICE *begins again with exquisite tenderness)* "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. . . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. . . Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. . . Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (THE VOICE *sinks to silence. The music sweeps on with growing emphasis and triumph.)*

(SKELLY *rises. His eyes shine like stars, as he turns to* DEXTER, *his whole being shot through with joyous conviction.)*

SKELLY. Doc! God spoke ter us!

DEXTER. Amen. (DEXTER *goes to* SKELLY *and gathers the boy in his arms. The music plays on.)*

CURTAIN

SCENE III

The same room. Easter morning. The doors to the garden are closed and covered.

As the curtain is raised, Dexter enters from the hall off left, followed by Maggie.

MAGGIE. It's fine to have you both back, Doctor.

DEXTER. Thank you, it's always good to get home.

(Maggie goes to the doctor's desk, opens a drawer and pulls out a package of letters, which she hands to him.)

MAGGIE. Here's all the mail that came for you. I meant to give it to you last night.

DEXTER. It was too late. I wanted to get Jerry right to bed.

MAGGIE. What did Dr. Carrington think of him?

DEXTER. Delighted and amazed. Said he had never dared to hope to see him so strong.

MAGGIE. *(Moving toward the door left.)* He should see him eat! I'll be gettin' back to the dining-room. He may be wantin' more.

DEXTER. Any news while we were away?

MAGGIE. Not much, but look at your garden and what I got from it. *(She indicates a jar of forsythia on the table.)*

DEXTER. *(Going up to the flowers with delight.)* Ah! At last! *(Maggie goes out to the back of the*

house. DEXTER *lays aside the package of letters and goes up to the chintz curtains, throws them back and opens wide the garden doors. There has been one warm day and night, and the first faint buds of green on trees and shrubs have suddenly burst their coverings and make a mist of green shimmering in the gold of the rising sun. From the church beyond comes music. The organist is beginning the early Easter service.* DEXTER *stands a moment taking in the beauty, then he goes to the doorway off left and calls to* SKELLY *in the room beyond)* Son?

SKELLY. *(Off stage)* Yep, Doc. I'm a broadcasting oatmeal to my fingers and toes!

DEXTER. Right! Come here when you're through.

SKELLY. *(Off stage)* Jest a min!

(DEXTER *turns again to the garden. At the doorway he reaches out and picks a branch from a nearby shrub green with leaf and bud. He brings it down and lays it on his table. As he does so the box holding the caterpillar meets his eye. He looks in it and catches his breath with surprise. He sets it carefully forward on the desk beside the green branch as* SKELLY *comes into the room from up left. He is now a beautiful, healthy little chap, perfectly strong, and radiantly happy-looking. As he enters,* DEXTER *goes quickly toward him and puts his hand across the boy's eyes so that he shall not see the garden as he draws him down stage. The growing light from the sunrise increases the beauty beyond, intensifying the color. The organ music seems almost an accompaniment to the spring itself.*

SKELLY. Here I am, Doc. What's the extry about?

DEXTER. I've a surprise for you, Son.

SKELLY. *(Eager for anything)* Oh, say, what is it?

DEXTER. The last time you looked at the trees they were still bare and brown?

SKELLY. Yep.

DEXTER. *(With significant deliberation)* Well, Son, the miracle has come! *(He lifts his hand from* SKELLY'S *eyes, picks up the little green branch and puts it in the boy's hand.)* See this!

(SKELLY *takes the twig, looks at it, starts, examines it more closely and then looks up, his face full of excitement.)*

SKELLY. Where'd thet come from? (DEXTER, *with his hands on* SKELLY'S *shoulders, backs him up stage till he gets him quite to the doorway to the garden, then turns him so that he sees it.* SKELLY *stares for a second, taking it in. As he realizes it he gives one whoop of boyish pleasure and dashes out into the garden.)* Hot dog! *(He calls back)* It's come *alive!* It's all come back! (DEXTER *stands looking after him smilingly. The church music fills a moment's interval till* SKELLY *reappears in the doorway, a bit of arbutus in his hand.)* Doc! What do ye know about this? It's *all* come back, the brook and the grass and when I knelt down ter touch the water I found—*these! (He holds up the flowers. His voice is tremulous with happiness)* I say—*Hot dog!* What do you say? *(He is trying to mask his joy in his old hard-boiled manner.)*

DEXTER. *(Smiling)* I say—*Arbutus!* They come there every spring.

SKELLY. *(Whose first ecstacy of pleasure is growing subdued to awe)* It's so pretty I—— *(He looks up at* DEXTER *and doesn't know how to express himself. He bites his lips and speaks apolo-*

getically) Big fellers don't let on—— *(He gulps and stands silent in an effort to control his emotion.)*

DEXTER. *(Putting his arm around* SKELLY *and patting him with a comforting hand)* We can't help feeling things, Son. Perhaps that's the reason God gives it to us so gently, leaf by leaf.

SKELLY. He seems to think of everything.

DEXTER. Yes, he does. (DEXTER *turns back to his table, picks up the black box with the caterpillar and holds it out to the boy.)* And now look in here.

(SKELLY *comes eagerly down, bends over the box, starts and bends closer. He is spellbound. For a long moment he doesn't move, he hardly seems to breathe. From the church beyond the garden, the music rises again, voices singing Easter music with the accompaniment of the organ. The sun, now fully risen, streams into the room, shining in a great shaft of light on the box holding the miracle they watch.)*

SKELLY. *(In an awed tone)* Is that—*James,* father? *My worm?*

DEXTER. *(Reverently)* In his new life! Take him up on your hand.

(The boy very gently puts his hand into the box, and when he raises it into the sunlight, an exquisite great butterfly, with new quivering wings, clings to his finger. For a moment he stares at it, hardly knowing what to say or do. He starts to put it back in the box, then hesitates and turns to DEXTER.*)*

SKELLY. Is it mine, still?

DEXTER. What do you think?

(SKELLY *looks at the butterfly, still clinging to his finger, and then he looks out at the garden.)*

SKELLY. *(A little wistfully)* I think—he belongs in the garden.

DEXTER. Yes, I think he does.

(SKELLY, *breathless, holding the lovely thing aloft, goes carefully to the doorway back. He pauses on the threshold and holds his hand high in the sunlight. For a second he stands looking up at the butterfly, then responding to the sunlight and freedom, it quivers, poises, flutters, and suddenly flies off high in the air.* SKELLY *stands watching till he can see it no longer.* DEXTER *is watching the boy.)*

SKELLY. *(Turns and comes down to* DEXTER*)* My dead worm flew away! (DEXTER *nods. He is watching the boy so sensitively that he dares not break the current of the child's thought even by a word.* SKELLY, *star-eyed, comes to the great idea that is beating in his brain.)* God must love James an awful lot! *(The logical sequence of such a premise is beyond his expression, but the reaches of hope it opens, shine forth in the radiance of the boy's look.* DEXTER *nods understandingly, and puts an arm around* SKELLY. *The music from the church goes on in its great triumphant song, soaring higher and higher to its climax: "Yet in my flesh shall I see God."*)

DEXTER. *(Still holding the boy's hand)* Shall we go to church and tell God how happy we are?

(Silently SKELLY *nods. Hand in hand, they go out into the garden as the curtain falls.)*

CURTAIN

APPENDIX

These notes, based on the production of "The Boy Who Discovered Easter" by the Episcopal Actors' Guild of America, are intended for the busy teacher who wishes to give her students the experience of putting on a play while at the same time burdening as little as possible the scant leisure of school life.

Any play which is dependent on elaborate staging and which cannot hold its audience by the sheer human drama of its theme and statement is no play for amateurs. The production in the Guild Hall has demonstrated that this play may be given in any large room practically without theatre equipment and still live in the hearts of its audience.

For "The Boy Who Discovered Easter" re-enacts a universal and poignant experience. The loss by death of Dexter's son has seared his brain, closing it to faith and hope. Against this unbelief is set the ignorance of a child from the slums who also believes only what he "sees." The childishness of the boy's intolerance brings home to the man the absurdity of such an attitude of mind. It comes to him that the daily miracles of modern life are as unseeable as the religious truths he doubts. The words of the Psalms ring continually through his brain: "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see? . . . He that teacheth man knowledge, shall not He know?" Gradually, out of scepticism and ignorance, Dexter and the boy emerge together in the dawn of an

Easter morning into an enlightened faith in a divine and beneficient God.

Although the Guild performance had the benefit of a cast of professional New York actors, such finished acting is not essential to the giving of the piece. The qualities which are necessary are sincerity, simplicity, and a reverent handling of the situations.

In choosing the people for the main characters, John Dexter should be selected for the vital quality of honesty, there must be no artificiality in voice or manner. To give the part variety he should also possess a certain warmth of spirit which comes out gradually in his growing affection for the boy Skelly and in his own happiness at the end of the play.

Before the production one critic of the play doubted whether a boy could be easily found to play the role of Skelly Diggs. The part was taken very successfully by a young actor who did it with extreme simplicity. He demonstrated that the mere presence of a child on the stage created the effect desired. He went his simple boyish way through the scenes unerringly in the hearts of his audience who accepted his unstrained look and gesture, his very inarticulate silences and lack of formal tricks of acting for the "form and pressure" of childhood itself.

Skelly Diggs should be all boy. Do not choose too refined or exquisite a child. It is much more dramatic and moving to watch a tough urchin win his way to the lonely man's heart and to follow them as together they draw near to the light of beauty and faith, than it would be to see a child of more spiritual breeding turn to his natural inheritance. Unless the boy is kept to the type of freckled "tough kid" needed, the play is in danger of being veered toward a sugary sentimentality.

The parts of the two women can also hinder the

correct impression of the play if over-acted or sentimentalized. *They* are not sorrowing. Let them leave that to Dexter. They should play the parts of housekeeper and nurse cheerfully and naturally without any emotional undercurrent.

The man who reads the part of the radio announcer should try to give his part the careful formal utterance of the usual broadcaster. The verses from the Bible, supposed to come over the radio from a memorial service in a church, need to be read with great beauty of voice and enunciation. They proved on experiment to be more effective if given not loudly and with the voice of authority, but in a rather low tone emphasizing the tenderness and compassion of the words.

MUSIC

The music which accompanies the latter part of the play is one of its most essential elements. It creates the mood for the climax of the second scene and runs as a continuous accompaniment through the brief final scene on Easter morning. The character of the pieces played in the two scenes is vitally different.

In Scene II the organ music is supposed to come over the radio and to emerge through a storm. It is part of a memorial service in a great city church. It should therefore have all the depth and sombre magnificence possible.

At the Guild production the music was in the able hands of Franklin Coates, organist of the Little Church Around the Corner. Mr. Coates improvised the music for this scene and did it very beautifully. But if a formal piece is desired he suggests one of the following:

Dvorak's Largo from the New World Symphony, or Grieg's Death of Ase, that is, the middle move-

ment of his First Peer Gynt Suite. Copies of these two pieces of music may be ordered for the pipe organ from Charles H. Ditson & Company, 8 East 34th Street, New York. The Dvorak piece will cost forty cents. The Grieg Suite is seventy-five cents.

As the pipe organ in the church was not available for the Guild production, owing to the fact that it seemed impossible to get the cues to the organist quickly enough, a small harmonium was used and proved churchly and effective. In blending the beginning of the music with the decreasing storm Mr. Coates found that by starting the music with chords in the bass, the music and thunder merged perfectly and the difficult transition was effected without the audience realizing when it was being done. Only experimentation in each production will show just when the storm should die away completely and the voice begin. It should be no longer than Dexter and the boy can hold the stage effectively.

The music for Scene III presents a complete contrast to that of Scene II. Here the sound is supposed to come through the open garden doors from the church nearby. Any desired Easter music is appropriate. The more exultant pieces will best convey the happiness of the mood. Do not be afraid of the much-used hymns. They will carry with them to the minds of the audience a wealth of association. People like the music they know well. It is possible to use the organ alone, omitting the singing, but if there is space behind the scenes for the singers and their training does not present too great a problem, they will add to the effect.

Mr. Coates used Mozart's music for "Christ the Lord is Risen today," Old Hymnal No. 111. He also suggests the seventeenth century carol beginning: "Let Joyful Praise to Heaven Ascend" which is included in many hymnals.

A very beautiful setting for the entire play could

be planned by having the organ and choir of a church or Sunday school give a program of religious music with one or two pieces before the play begins, and between the scenes, as well as the incidental music called for in the play itself. At the Guild performance music on the harp before the play and during the intermissions proved a very lovely addition to the program. It is suggested that in any general program of church music the distinctively Easter numbers be not used till the intermission between Scenes II and III.

SCENERY

There are two scenes to create in "The Boy Who Discovered Easter": Dexter's study and the garden, which is shown in three aspects, midsummer, dead of winter and early spring. If, however, this representation of the garden presents too great difficulties, its doorway can be located down stage at the side of the room and the garden itself not shown, but left to the imagination of the audience. This makes the play available for those whose stage is limited to a simple interior. It was given in this way at the Guild performance with nothing but a large wooden screen to mask the house wall on the side toward the garden and the end panel of the screen serving as the door leading to the garden. As Dexter went out and brought in the flowers and fruit and Skelly stared at the first bit of country he had ever seen, the audience seemed quite willing to accept the fact that the garden was there. You can always count on the imagination of your audience. It is a greater magician in the theatre than much equipment.

Dexter's room, which stands through the entire play, should be made as attractive and restful as possible, good in its coloring and without brilliant lights that shine directly in the eyes of the audience. The

furnishings described in the text of the play need not be slavishly adhered to. It is better for each production of the play to use what is at hand in the creation of stage effects.

If the original plan for placing the garden at the back of the stage can be followed, then Dexter's room becomes at the times when the garden is disclosed, a mere frame, a sort of inner proscenium for the brilliant flowery picture beyond. In this arrangement of the stage it is suggested that Dexter's room be kept to soft wood browns or some neutral coloring that will best throw into relief the brighter view which it frames. Also the garden doors should be carefully measured so that the picture they disclose when open is properly proportioned to the main proscenium of the stage. The audience may not realize that you are treating the stage in this way, but their eyes will accept the resulting beauty with unconscious pleasure.

If the garden is to be attempted it should be done adequately. It will require space, as the three backdrops will have to be hung in the order they are used and one removed after each scene.

The first backdrop representing a garden in midsummer should show a perspective of trees and grass and blue sky, and in front of this may be placed some artificial bushes and flowers, as hollyhocks, delphinium, and Canterbury bells. A vine around the door, honeysuckle or clematis, will help with the effect.

The winter scene need not be so elaborate. The backdrop should show bare trees against a gray sky with snow on the ground and branches.

The spring morning will require a third backdrop with the same trees shrouded in a faint green mist of bud and leafage against the blue of the sky. A bush of forsythia placed near the doorway will help to create a lovely picture.

LIGHTING

The distribution of light on scenery is the factor that makes or mars all stage pictures. In working for the lighting effects in Dexter's study and the garden beyond, it should be remembered that any scene will seem light or dark in contrast to what has preceded it.

The garden on Easter morning will be the brightest spot on your light chart, so it will be well to save the strongest effect for that and to work back, grading the lights down through the play, so that when that scene comes the eye will accept its light as very brilliant. The lighting of Scene III will be most effective if a dimmer is used and the light grows as a sunrise would make it do, through the scene to the end of the play.

A dimmer on eight lights, four on each side of the stage, will cost about twenty-two dollars and be a valuable equipment for many plays. A baby spotlight, which will throw a flood of illumination on the garden, can be hired for a few dollars. Electrical effects on the stage, to be either safe or effective, should only be handled by an experienced electrician.

The second brightest light should be on the garden in Scene I, when it represents an afternoon in midsummer. Here, the baby spot shou'd be masked by a screen of amber gelatine, which will give a warm effect of sunset.

The garden in winter comes third in the decreasing light effects, for even this will be brighter than the interior. The snow on the ground will give a cold grayish light, but as it is supposed to be shown in the gloom of a late afternoon and just before a storm, the light should be kept subdued.

If the dimmer is available and is attached to the lights used in the interior representing Dexter's

study, it will be a great help in the oncoming storm. The lights should be turned down by imperceptible gradations until the climax of the storm is reached, after which as it passes the lights should go gradually up again. Care must be taken never to turn the lights so low that the faces of the actors are obscured.

The lighting of Dexter's room is the fourth lowest in general tone. If an open fire can be suggested it will give a touch of color, but is not essential. The important thing is to keep this framing interior light enough so that the faces are clearly seen and yet not so bright that it detracts from the brilliant effect of the garden.

COSTUMING

The costuming of this play is so simple that it hardly needs comment. Dexter can wear the same suit throughout, varying it slightly by using a lightweight house-coat in Scenes I and III, and changing to the coat that matches his suit for Scene II.

Skelly comes from the hospital in Scene I and has probably been outfitted there in clothing that is clean but worn, evidently second-hand. The dressing-gown and light travelling rug which Dexter puts around him in Scene I are beautiful, bright little things he has bought for his dead son and will seem very fine to the child. In Scene II Skelly has been with Dexter long enough to have acquired a new warm suit which fits him, though even this should not look like a rich child attired for dancing school. He is a simple little boy at home in a small town. In this scene he will need an overcoat and a cap. In Scene III he can wear the same suit as Scene II.

Maggie, the housekeeper, would wear any plain summer gingham, very clean-looking, and a white starched apron.

Mary Dexter, as a nurse riding in an ambulance, would wear her white uniform and cap just as in the hospital, but she would probably have taken off her apron. The Red Cross nurse's cape is a beautiful and picturesque garment, made of heavy dark-blue material lined with bright red flannel. It comes below the knees and is usually worn with the fronts thrown back, showing the bright lining. Although it is worn by the Red Cross nurses only for military or disaster duty, yet it has been adopted by a number of hospitals, dispensing, of course, with the Red Cross insignia. If it can be secured it will prove a delightful bit of color in the scene.

FURNITURE AND PROPERTIES

For Scene I:

Writing-table for Dexter and on it three or four scientific-looking books, inkstand, writing-paper, pen, pencil, a blotter and a cardboard box. This contains clips or rubber bands and Dexter empties them out when he takes it for the caterpillar. This box should be large enough to hold the butterfly in Scene III.

A desk-chair beside the table.

An easy-chair beside the fireplace.

A wheel-chair for Skelly.

Any other convenient furniture suitable for a man's study.

A doorbell.

A rose, a spray of delphinium.

A caterpillar wired to a branch. (See note following.)

A lunch for Skelly, calling for a tray covered by a clean napkin, a glass of milk, some crackers or bread and butter, and an apple.

A pear brought in from the garden.

A small table to hold the luncheon tray.

Dressing-gown for Skelly.
Travelling rug for Skelly.
Heavy chintz curtains if the garden doors are of glass.

For Scene II:
Small easy-chair to take the place of the wheel-chair.
Radio set.
Loud speaker for the radio.
Skelly's overcoat.
Skelly's cap.
A bright red book, evidently a boy's storybook.
A "cyclone whistle." (See notes following.)
A small megaphone to use with the whistle.
A piece of sheet iron about three by five feet with two holes in one end, through which rope is run to make a handle. This is to make thunder.
The organ.
A snare drum with pebbles on top to be rattled for the sound of rain. Not necessary.

For Scene III:
Yellow flowers, forsythia in vase on table to suggest spring.
Arbutus for Skelly to bring in from the garden, merely a spray or two, or a crocus.
Package of unopened letters for Maggie to hand Dexter.
Butterfly. (See note following.)
"Victory canary songster," if a bird's song in the garden is desired in this scene. Not necessary.
Of the properties here listed a few require a word of further explanation.
The caterpillar and butterfly which comes from it should, of course, be a recognizable variety native to the United States. Any kind may be used, but the one chosen for the Guild performance was the Pa-

pilio Thoas. It will be found pictured and described in Holland's well-known and beautifully illustrated book on butterflies, which is in most libraries. This butterfly is also called the "tiger swallowtail," and is the large yellow one with intricate black markings. The caterpillar of this species is about two inches long, leaf-green in color, and about the size of a lead pencil. It has two golden marks near the head.

The caterpillar can easily be made with a wire foundation wrapped with tissue paper till it is the desired size and ornamented with the gold markings by touches of gold paint or sealing wax. It should be wrapped with a bit of green milliner's wire on the outside with loose ends by which it can be attached to the leafy twig where Skelly discovers it. When he is ready to have it fall in the box he can loosen the wire which holds it to the stem.

The most satisfactory butterfly is a real one of the variety described. It should be mounted on a long pin with its wings spread slightly at an angle of about forty-five degrees. It should not be put in the box which has been used for the caterpillar till just before it is to be taken out, as it is very fragile. It should be pinned delicately to the bottom of the box and handled with care. The boy, in taking it from the box, should hold it by the lower part of the pin, so that it will seem to be resting on his hand. When he takes it into the garden, he must go far enough out of sight of the audience so that it can be taken from him.

If a real butterfly cannot be secured, an acceptable one can be made from fine wire and tissue paper and carefully painted to resemble the variety desired. It would be fatal to the spirit of the scene, however, to have this piece of property in any way ridiculous.

The box holding the butterfly should not be an

ordinary candy box with advertising on the outside. It should not, in short, suggest trivial things which distract the attention of the audience from the miracle of the butterfly's emergence from its cocoon. The box can easily be painted black to cover any lettering or decorations it may have.

The storm offstage effects also need a word of explanation. Unless a regular wind-machine can easily be secured, the effect of a swirling wind can best be done by a "cyclone whistle." This may be bought of Charles H. Ditson Company, 8 East 34th Street, New York City, for one dollar, and if manipulated with care, sound extraordinarily like a gale. The effect is enhanced by putting the end of the whistle against a small megaphone, so that the sound gains in volume. If the sound of rain is to be added to the wind and thunder, a snare drum with pebbles laid on top and shaken lightly back and forth, will give a very good imitation of dashing rain. It was tried at the Guild performance, but dispensed with, as the space back stage was too small to give room to so many activities and the noise of the tempest threatened to drown out the dialogue going forward on the stage. Things of this sort can only be worked out satisfactorily by each group for themselves.

A bird singing in the garden on Easter morning was another effect which was tried at the Guild and discarded in the interests of simplicity. If the producer wishes to use a "Victory canary songster" for this purpose, they are to be purchased from Charles H. Ditson & Company for twenty-five cents. They are small brass toys shaped like birds with a compartment to be filled with water, through which the air is forced by blowing into a tube. The warble that results is very birdlike.

The offstage effect for the radio music and speaking is so simple that it need hardly be described.

The only essential point is that the persons speaking and playing should be located on the side near the instrument, so that the sound will seem to the audience to be actually coming from the loud speaker itself.

CUES FOR THUNDER

1. CUE: Skelly, "Was it God took 'em all away again?" Dexter: "Yes."
   First sound of thunder, faint and then a little louder.

2. CUE: Dexter, "Concert postponed owing to inclement weather."
   Thunder slightly louder than before.

3. CUE: Skelly, "He must be mad when He takes things away."
   Thunder, a long ominous roll.

4. CUE: Skelly, "He's awful mad right now."
   Thunder, another long peal.

5. CUE: Skelly, "You don't know God."
   Thunder, a terrific crash. Height of storm.

6. CUE: Skelly, "God! Miss Mary's God!"
   A second crash. Equally startling.

After this the music begins, and from this point the thunder dies away in a few vague mutterings and ceases entirely before the Voice begins.

CUES FOR WIND

1. WARNING FOR WIND: Skelly, "Going to git the pep of a fire-engine for you."

CUE: Dexter, "That's the talk." Skelly throws open the garden door.
Low sound of wind, denoting the coming of the storm.

2. CUE: Dexter, "I must see about this." He opens door to the garden.
Low sound of wind.

3. CUE: Dexter, "And a storm on the way beside."
Wind slightly louder, but not really loud.

4. CUE: Dexter, "We'll shut it all out and have it cosy in here."
Slightly louder wind.

5. CUE: Skelly, "Was it God took 'em all away again?"
Louder wind.

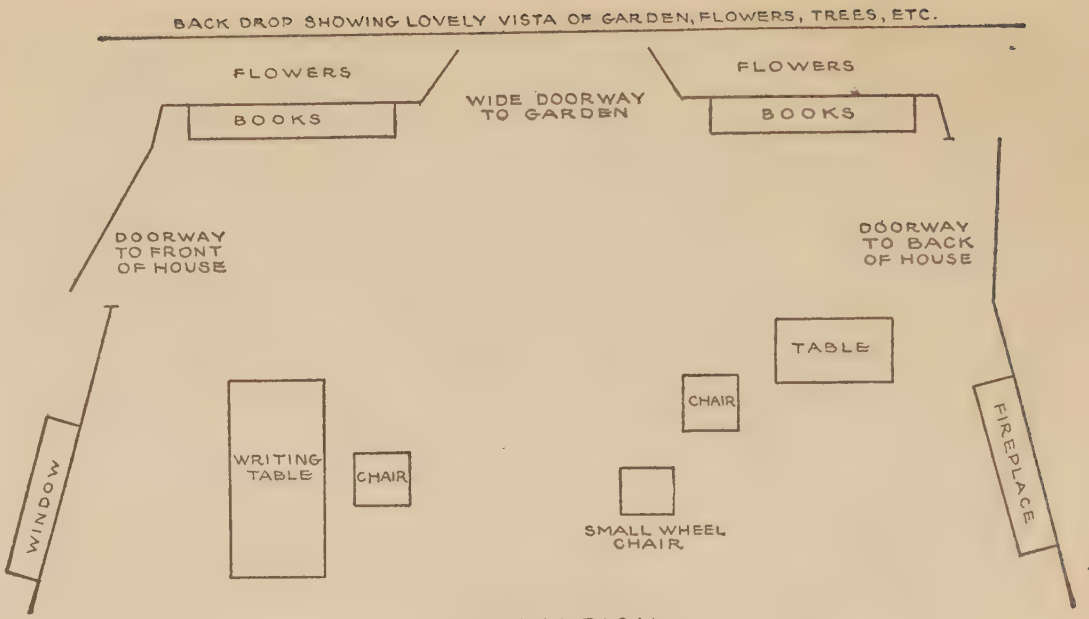
6. CUE: Dexter, "Washington seems to be through."
"Concert postponed owing to inclement weather."
"Not afraid of a storm, are you?"
Wind rising and falling through these speeches.

7. CUE: Skelly, "He must be mad when He takes things away. And He made the air," etc.
Wind rising to a gale that shrieks around the house.

8. CUE: Skelly, "You don't know God."
Loudest wind, tempest at its height here and in following speech.

9. CUE: Skelly, "God! Miss Mary's God!"

After this speech the music begins to come in and the wind dies away, but not too swiftly. It should entirely cease before the Voice begins.



SCENE DESIGN

"THE BOY WHO DISCOVERED EASTER"

DADDY LONG-LEGS

A charming comedy in 4 acts. By Jean Webster. The full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Many readers of current fiction will recall Jean Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs." Miss Webster dramatized her story and it was presented at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, under Henry Miller's direction, with Ruth Chatterton in the principal rôle. "Daddy Long-Legs" tells the story of Judy, a pretty little drudge in a bleak New England orphanage. One day, a visiting trustee becomes interested in Judy and decides to give her a chance. She does not know the name of her benefactor, but simply calls him Daddy Long-Legs, and writes him letters brimming over with fun and affection. From the Foundling's Home she goes to a fashionable college for girls and there develops the romance that constitutes much of the play's charm. The New York *Times* reviewer, on the morning after the Broadway production, wrote the following: "If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter." "Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York, and was then toured for over three years. It is now published in play form for the first time. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR

A comedy in 4 acts. By James Forbes. 3 males, 10 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays a full evening.

An absorbing play of modern American family life. "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is concerned with a strenuous lady who returns from overseas to lecture, and consequently neglects her daughter, who is just saved in time from disaster. Acted with great success by Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

KICK IN

Play in 4 acts. By Willard Mack. 7 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

"Kick In" is the latest of the very few available mystery plays. Like "Within the Law," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "In the Next Room," it is one of those thrillers which are accurately described as "not having a dull moment in it from beginning to end." It is a play with all the ingredients of popularity, not at all difficult to set or to act; the plot carries it along, and the situations are built with that skill and knowledge of the theatre for which Willard Mack is known. An ideal mystery melodrama, for high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY

("Happy-Go-Lucky.") A comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay. 9 males, 7 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern dress. Plays a full evening.

Into an aristocratic family comes Tilly, lovable and youthful, with ideas and manners which greatly upset the circle. Tilly is so frankly honest that she makes no secret of her tremendous affection for the young son of the family; this brings her into many difficulties. But her troubles have a joyous end in charmingly blended scenes of sentiment and humor. This comedy presents an opportunity for fine acting, handsome stage settings, and beautiful costuming. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)
Price, 75 Cents.

BILLY

Farce-comedy in 3 acts. By George Cameron. 10 males, 5 females. (A few minor male parts can be doubled, making the cast 7 males, 5 females.) 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The action of the play takes place on the S. S. "Florida," bound for Havana. The story has to do with the disappearance of a set of false teeth, which creates endless complications among passengers and crew, and furnishes two and a quarter hours of the heartiest laughter. One of the funniest comedies produced in the last dozen years on the American stage is "Billy" (sometimes called "Billy's Tombstones"), in which the late Sidney Drew achieved a hit in New York and later toured the country several times. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

TWEEDLES

Comedy in 3 acts, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Julian, scion of the blue-blooded Castleburys, falls in love with Winsora Tweedle, daughter of the oldest family in a Maine village. The Tweedles esteem the name because it has been rooted in the community for 200 years, and they look down on "summer people" with the vigor that only "summer boarder" communities know.

The Castleburys are aghast at the possibility of a match, and call on the Tweedles to urge how impossible such an alliance would be. Mr. Castlebury laboriously explains the barrier of social caste, and the elder Tweedle takes it that these unimportant summer folk are terrified at the social eminence of the Tweedles.

Tweedle generously agrees to co-operate with the Castleburys to prevent the match. But Winsora brings her father to realize that in reality the Castleburys look upon them as inferiors. The old man is infuriated, and threatens vengeance, but is checkmated when Julian unearths a number of family skeletons and argues that father isn't a Tweedle, since the blood has been so diluted that little remains. Also, Winsora takes the matter into her own hands and outfaces the old man. So the youngsters go forth triumphant. "Tweedles" is Booth Tarkington at his best. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

JUST SUPPOSE

A whimsical comedy in 3 acts, by A. E. Thomas, author of "Her Husband's Wife," "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc. 6 males, 2 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

It was rumored that during his last visit the Prince of Wales appeared for a brief spell under an assumed name somewhere in Virginia. It is on this story that A. E. Thomas based "Just Suppose." The theme is handled in an original manner. Linda Lee Stafford meets one George Shipley (in reality is the Prince of Wales). It is a case of love at first sight, but, alas, princes cannot select their mates and thereby hangs a tale which Mr. Thomas has woven with infinite charm. The atmosphere of the South with its chivalry dominates the story, touching in its sentiment and lightened here and there with delightful comedy. "Just Suppose" scored a big hit at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, with Patricia Collinge. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

POLLYANNA

"The glad play," in 3 acts. By Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Based on the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story has to do with the experiences of an orphan girl who is thrust, unwelcome, into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the tribulations that beset her life she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally, Pollyanna straightens out the love affairs of her elders, and last, but not least, finds happiness for herself in the heart of Jimmy. "Pollyanna" is a glad play and one which is bound to give one a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor, tenderness and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

Produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, and for two seasons on tour, by George C. Tyler, with Helen Hayes in the part of "Pollyanna." (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

A comedy in 3 acts. By Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. 6 males, 10 females (may be played by 5 males and 8 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. Scenes, 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman, scarcely out of his 'teens, who, upon inheriting a girls' boarding-school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girls of to-day should be CHARM. The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school, and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age. The play has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of an extravagant but novel idea, the charm of originality, and the promise of wholesome, sanely amusing, pleasant entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production. It was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, then toured the country. Two companies are now playing it in England. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

NOT SO LONG AGO

Comedy in a Prologue, 3 acts, and Epilogue. By Arthur Richman. 5 males, 7 females. 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Costumes, 1876. Plays a full evening.

Arthur Richman has constructed his play around the Cinderella legend. The playwright has shown great wisdom in his choice of material, for he has cleverly crossed the Cinderella theme with a strain of Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Richman places his young lovers in the picturesque New York of forty years ago. This time Cinderella is a seamstress in the home of a social climber, who may have been the first of her kind, though we doubt it. She is interested sentimentally in the son of this house. Her father, learning of her infatuation for the young man without learning also that it is imaginary on the young girl's part, starts out to discover his intentions. He is a poor inventor. The mother of the youth, ambitious chiefly for her children, shudders at the thought of marriage for her son with a sewing-girl. But the Prince contrives to put the slipper on the right foot, and the end is happiness. The play is quaint and agreeable and the three acts are rich in the charm of love and youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE LOTTERY MAN

Comedy in 3 acts, by Rida Johnson Young. 4 males, 5 females. 3 easy interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

In "The Lottery Man" Rida Johnson Young has seized upon a custom of some newspapers to increase their circulation by clever schemes. Mrs. Young has made the central figure in her famous comedy a newspaper reporter, Jack Wright. Wright owes his employer money, and he agrees to turn in one of the most sensational scoops the paper has ever known. His idea is to conduct a lottery, with *himself* as the prize. The lottery is announced. Thousands of old maids buy coupons. Meantime Wright falls in love with a charming girl. Naturally he fears that he may be won by someone else and starts to get as many tickets as his limited means will permit. Finally the last day is announced. The winning number is 1323, and is held by Lizzie, an old maid, in the household of the newspaper owner. Lizzie refuses to give up. It is discovered, however, that she has stolen the ticket. With this clue, the reporter threatens her with arrest. Of course the coupon is surrendered and Wright gets the girl of his choice. Produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, with great success. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

SOUTHUMBERLAND'S YULE-TIDE, a fascinating and practical community Christmas masque, by C. Arthur Coan. This delightful festival is written in the spirit of the traditional Yule celebrations of olden days, and is so conceived as to permit the whole school or community, old, young, rich or poor, to take an active part. The costumes are fully described and the instructions are in detail. Suitable for community or school use. Price, 50 cents.

MOTHER GOOSE'S CHRISTMAS VISIT. An entirely new and original entertainment for children by Edith Thompson Langley. This very pleasing entertainment embraces most of the Mother Goose characters, and any number of children, boys and girls, young and old, can take part. Songs and specialties can be introduced and the action prolonged to any length of time desired. It introduces Santa Claus and the Christmas tree and all the favorite characters of the little ones. It is an admirable entertainment for the Christmas holidays, and is printed complete with music, suggestions for staging, costuming, etc. Plays about an hour. This entertainment has always been a great success wherever produced. Price, 30 cents.

THE GIFT. A symbolic play in one act by Marie A. Foley. The action passes in a simple room of a little house near Judea during the lifetime of Our Lord. The characters are two men, one woman and three children. The costumes—tunic draperies—make it easily possible to be played by an all female cast. Joel, a little lame boy, firmly believes the Galilean can cure him of his lameness if he will go and ask Him. In preparation the boy makes a wreath of white roses as a gift for the Galilean. Huldah, with whom Joel lives, a woman with neither heart nor imagination, ridicules the boy's faith, throws the wreath into the fire and frustrates the boy's going by leaving him in sole charge of her father, an aged and infirm man. A stranger, blind, also seeking the Galilean, to regain his sight, stops at the door for food and rest. The boy takes him in. Accidentally the stranger comes in contact with the charred wreath which Joel has dragged from the fire. The stranger hears about the wreath's purpose and offers to carry it to the Galilean. Joel explans its sorry plight. "The Galilean will understand," answers the stranger. "But it is black and ugly," exclaims the boy. "But not the heart that fashioned it," he is answered. The stranger then learns of the boy's desire to be cured and offers himself to remain there with the aged man while the boy goes to get his heart's desire. The boy accepts the stranger's great sacrifice (much to the disappointment of the old invalid) and leaves the house. However, in a few minutes the boy is back again crying out that he cannot go. "It is much worse being blind than being lame." The stranger is put upon the road by the boy to seek the Galilean. The boy watching him through the window sees the stranger meet with a Traveller, sees the giving of his burnt wreath to the Traveller, its transformation into beautiful crimson roses as it touches the Traveller's hands, then the return of the stranger no longer blind to the house. In his joy the boy leaps across the room to the door to find that his crutches have dropped to the floor and he has leaped across the room unaided—cured. The play ends with much joy for all three in the room while outside is heard the voice of the unbeliever, "Strange we missed Him; He must have passed this way." The stranger answers, "Yes, He passed this way." Price, 35 cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, Publisher, 25 West Forty-fifth St.

Date Due

APR 3 '70			
May 1			
PRINTED IN U. S. A.		CAT. NO. 23233	

and
pro
in a

Eas

ested me very m
anizations anxiou
to Catholic mot

New York

by Who Discov

rch Supply Dept.
Church in U. S
adelphia

or

RANG

usand times
and Japan.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

A Play for Men

By ELIZABETH McFADDEN and AGNES CRIMMINS

Adapted from the story of the same name
by Edward Everett Hale

This play is especially appropriate for a MEMORIAL DAY program. Has been used by American Legion Posts and other groups desiring patriotic material.

XY75
M16
5-18-62
54684
GTU Library
3 2400 00398 6183

SFTS Library
2 Kensington Road
San Anselmo, CA 94960
For renewals call (415) 258-6635

All items are subject to recall.

MC FADDEN